

1160/23

EXTRACTS

from

61
LORD LYTTTELTON'S

7
POETICAL WORKS:

viz.

Soliloquy of a Beauty.
Progress of Love, in four
Eclogues.

Advice to a Lady.

A Monody to the Memory of
Lady Lyttelton.

Part of an Epitaph on
Lady Lyttelton.

To Miss Lucy Fortescue,
with Hammond's El-
egies.

To the same, with a new
Watch.

Prologue to Thomson's
Coriolanus.

Songs.

Epistle to Dr. Ayscough.

Epistle to Mr. Poyntz.

Epistle to Lord Hervey.

Epistle to Mr. Glover.

Parts of an Elegy of Ti-
bulus.

Cato's Speech to Labienus.

Ode in Imitation of Pastor
Fido.



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SOLILOQUY

OF A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

Written at Eaton School.

'T was night, and Flavia to her room retir'd,
With ev'ning chat and sober reading tir'd,
There melancholy, pensive, and alone,
She meditates on the forsaken Town;
On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head
She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:

“ Ah! what avails it to be young and fair,
“ To move with negligence, to dress with care?
“ What worth have all the charms our pride can boast
“ If all in envious solitude are lost?
“ Where none admire 't is useless to excel;
“ Where none are beaux 't is vain to be a belle:
“ Beauty like wit to judges should be shown;
“ Both most are valu'd where they best are known.
“ With ev'ry grace of Nature or of Art
“ We cannot break one stubborn country heart;
“ The brutes insensible our pow'r defy:
“ To love exceeds a 'squire's capacity.
“ The Town, the Court, is Beauty's proper sphere:
“ That is our heav'n, and we are angels there:
“ In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove;
“ The Court of Britain is the Court of Love.

— — — — —

“ How has my conscious heart with triumph glow’d.
 “ How have my sparkling eyes their transport show’d,
 “ At each distinguish’d birthnight ball to see
 “ The homage due to empire paid to me?
 “ When ev’ry eye was fix’d on me alone,
 “ And dreaded mine more than the Monarch’s frown;
 “ When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
 “ Less jealous in their pow’r than in their love.
 “ Chang’d is the scene, and all my glories die,
 “ Like flow’rs transplanted to a colder sky;
 “ Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
 “ The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
 “ In stupid indolence my life is spent,
 “ Supinely calm and dully innocent:
 “ Unblest I wear my useless time away,
 “ Sleep, wretched maid! all night and dream all day,
 “ Go at set hours to dinner and to pray’r,
 “ For Dulness ever must be regular:
 “ Now with mamma at tedious whist I play,
 “ Now without scandal drink insipid tea,
 “ Or in the garden breathe the country air,
 “ Secure from meeting any tempter there.
 “ From books to work from work to books I rove,
 “ And am, alas! at leisure to improve.—
 “ Is this the life a Beauty ought to lead?
 “ Were eyes so radiant only made to read?
 “ These fingers, at whose touch ev’n Age would glow,
 “ Are these of use for nothing but to sew?
 “ Sure erring Nature never could design
 “ To form a housewife in a mould like mine!
 “ O Venus! queen and guardian of the fair,
 “ Attend propitious to thy vot’ry’s pray’r;
 “ Let me revisit the dear Town again,
 “ Let me be seen!—Could I that wish obtain
 “ All other wishes my own pow’r would gain.”

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

Uncertainty. Eclogue I.

To Mr. Pope.

Pope! to whose reed beneath the beechen shade
The nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid,
While yet thy Muse content with humbler praise
Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays,
Tho' now sublimely borne on Homer's wing
Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing,
Wilt thou with me revist once again
The crystal fountain and the flow'ry plain?
Wilt thou indulgent hear my verse relate
The various changes of a lover's state,
And while each turn of passion I pursue,
Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?

To the green margin of a lonely wood
Whose pendent shades o'erlook'd a silver flood
Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd
Full of the image of his beauteous maid;
His flock far off unfed, untended lay,
To ev'ry savage a defenceless prey;
No sense of int'rest could their master move,
And ev'ry care seem'd trifling now but love:
A while in pensive silence he remain'd,
But tho' his voice was mute his looks complain'd;
At length the thoughts within his bosom pent
Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

"Ye Nymphs!" he cry'd, "ye Dryads! whoso long
Have favour'd Damon and inspir'd his song,
For whom retir'd I shun the gay resorts
Of sportful cities and of pompous courts,

— — — — —

" In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
 " To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
 " Tho' wild Ambition and destructive Rage
 " No factions here can form, no wars can wage,
 " Tho' Envy frowns not on your humble shades,
 " Nor Calumny your innocence invades,
 " Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast,
 " Too often violates your boasted rest,
 " With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
 " And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.
 " Ah luckless day! when first with fond surprise
 " On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes,
 " Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
 " Then reason, liberty, at once were lost,
 " And every wish, and thought, and care, was gone,
 " But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
 " Then too she smil'd; can Smiles our peace destroy,
 " Those lovely children of Content and Joy?
 " How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe
 " From the same spring at the same moment flow?
 " Unhappy boy! these vain inquiries cease,
 " Thought could not guard nor will restore thy peace;
 " Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
 " And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure.
 " Come, flatt'ring Memory! and tell my heart
 " How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
 " She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,
 " Confirm her pow'r and faster bind my chain.
 " If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band,
 " To me alone she gave her willing hand;
 " Her partial taste if e'er I touch'd the lyre
 " Still in my song found something to admire;
 " By none but her my crook with flow'rs was crown'd,
 " By none but her my brows with ivy bound;
 " The world that Damon was her choice believ'd,
 " The world, alas! like Damon was deceiv'd.
 " When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire
 " In words as soft as passion could inspire,

" Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
 " Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.
 " The frighted hind who sees his ripen'd corn
 " Up from the roots by sudden tempest torn,
 " Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
 " Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.
 " Ah! how have I deserv'd, inhuman Maid!
 " To have my faithful service thus repaid?
 " Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd
 " But dreams of joy that charm'd me and deceiv'd?
 " Or did you only nurse my growing love
 " That with more pain I might your hatred prove?
 " Sure guilty treachery no place could find
 " In such a gentle, such a gen'rous mind;
 " A maid brought up the woods and wilds among
 " Could ne'er have learnt the art of courts so young:
 " No; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
 " Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;
 " 'T was only modesty that seem'd disdain,
 " And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain."
 Pleas'd with this flatt'ring thought the love-sick boy
 Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy,
 Back to his flock more cheerful he return'd
 When now the setting sun more fiercely burn'd,
 Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
 And Light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.



Hope. Eclogue II.

To Mr. Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe Regis.

Hear, Doddington! the notes that shepherds sing,
Like those that warbling hail the genial spring:
Nor Pan nor Phœbus tunes our artless reeds,
From Love alone their melody proceeds;
From Love Theocritus on Enna's plains
Learnt the wild sweetness of his Dorick strains;
Young Maro touch'd by his inspiring dart
Could charm each ear and soften ev'ry heart;
Me too his pow'r has reach'd, and bids with thine
My rustick pipe in pleasing concert join*.

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,
But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
And told his joy to all the rural throng.

"Blest be the hour," he said, "that happy hour.
"When first I own'd my Delia's gentle pow'r!
"Then gloomy discontent and pining care
"Forsook my breast and left soft wishes there;
"Soft wishes there they left and gay desires,
"Delightful languors and transporting fires.
"Where yonder limes combine to form a shade
"These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid;
"There she appear'd on that auspicious day
"When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
"She led the dance—Heav'ns! with what grace she
 mov'd!
"Who could have seen her then and not have lov'd?
"I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
"But glory'd in a happy captive's name,

* Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty love verses which have never been published. *Lyttelton.*



- “ Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
“ But leave to brutes their savage liberty.
“ And art thou then, fond Youth! secure of joy?
“ Can no reverse thy flatt’ring bliss destroy?
“ Has treach’rous Love no torment yet in store?
“ Or hast thou never prov’d his fatal pow’r?
“ Whence flow’d those tears that late bedew’d thy
 cheek?
“ Why sigh’d thy heart as if it strove to break?
“ Why were the desert rocks invok’d to hear
“ The plaintive accent of thy sad despair?
“ From Delia’s rigour all those pains arose,
“ Delia! who now campassionates my woes,
“ Who bids me Hope, and in that charming word
“ Has peace and transport to my soul restor’d.
“ Begin, my Pipe! begin the gladsome lay,
“ A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay,
“ A kiss obtain’d ’twixt struggling and consent,
“ Giv’n with forc’d anger and disguis’d content.
“ No laureate wreaths I ask to bind my brows
“ Such as the Muse on lofty bards bestows;
“ Let other swains to praise or fame aspire,
“ I from her lips my recompense require.
“ Why stays my Delia in her secret bow’r?
“ Light gales have chas’d the late impending show’r,
“ Th’ emerging sun more bright his beams extends,
“ Oppos’d its beauteous arch the rainbow bends,
“ Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay,
“ The birds renew their songs on ev’ry spray;
“ Come forth, my Love! thy shepherd’s joys to
 crown:
“ All Nature smiles—will only Delia frown?
“ Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
“ While every flow’r of ev’ry sweet they drain:
“ See how beneath yon’ hillock’s shady steep
“ The shelter’d herds on flow’ry couches sleep:
“ Nor bees nor herds are half so blest as I
“ If with my fond desires my love comply;

" From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows,
 " And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.
 " Ah how, my dear! shall I deserve thy charms?
 " What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?
 " A bird for thee in silken bands I hold,
 " Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold;
 " From distant isles the lovely stranger came,
 " And bears the fortunate Canaries' name;
 " In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,
 " Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat:
 " Accept of this, and could I add beside
 " What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide,
 " If all the gems in eastern rocks were mine,
 " On thee alone their glitt'ring pride should shine:
 " But if thy mind no gifts have pow'r to move,
 " Phœbus himself shall leave th' Aonian grove;
 " The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain,
 " Shall come sweet suppliants for their fav'rite swain;
 " For him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood,
 " For him each green hair'd sister of the wood,
 " Whom oft' beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
 " His musick calls to dance the night away.
 " And you, fair Nymphs! companions of my love,
 " With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,
 " I beg you recommend my faithful flame,
 " And let her often hear her shepherd's name:
 " Shade all my faults from her inquiring sight,
 " And shew my merits in the fairest light;
 " My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
 " And ev'ry friend shall claim a diff'rent lay.
 " But see! in yonder glade the heav'nly fair
 " Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air.—
 " Ah! thither let me fly with eager feet:
 " Adieu, my Pipe! I go my love to meet.—
 " O may I find her as we parted last,
 " And may each future hour be like the past!
 " So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
 " Propitious Venus! on thy altars bleed."

Jealousy. Eclogue III.

To Mr. Edward Walpole.

The gods, O Walpole! give no bliss sincere,
Wealth is disturb'd by care and pow'r by fear.
Of all the passions that employ the mind
In gentle love the sweetest joys we find,
Yet ev'n those joys dire Jealousy molests,
And blackens each fair image in our breasts.
O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart!
For thy own quiet think my mistress just,
And wisely take thy happiness on trust.

Begin, my Muse! and Damon's woes rehearse
In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantick mountain's airy head
(While browsing goats at ease around him fed)
Anxious he lay with jealous cares oppress,
Distrust and anger lab'ring in his breast.—
The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields
Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
Thro' these a river rolls its winding flood
Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood;
Here half-conceal'd in trees a cottage stands,
A castle there the op'ning plain commands;
Beyond a town with glitt'ring spires is crown'd,
And distant hills the wide horizon bound.
So charming was the scene a while the swain
Beheld delighted and forgot his pain,
But soon the stings infix'd within his heart
With cruel force renew'd their raging smart:
His flow'ry wreath which long with pride he wore,
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
Then cry'd, " May all thy charms, ungrateful Maid!
" Like these neglected roses droop and fade!

" May angry Heav'n deform each guilty grace
 " That triumphs now in that deluding face!
 " Those alter'd looks may ev'ry shepherd fly,
 " And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I!
 " Say, thou Inconstant! what has Damon done
 " To lose the heart his tedious pains had won?
 " Tell me what charms you in my rival find
 " Against whose pow'r no ties have strength to bind?
 " Has he like me with long obedience strove
 " To conquer your disdain, and merit love?
 " Has he with transport ev'ry smile ador'd,
 " And dy'd with grief at each ungentle word?
 " Ah, no! the conquest was obtain'd with ease;
 " He pleas'd you by not studying to please;
 " His careless indolence your pride alarm'd,
 " And had he lov'd you more he less had charm'd.
 " O pain to think another shall possess
 " Those balmly lips which I was wont to press!
 " Another on her panting breast shall lie,
 " And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye!
 " I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
 " I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead;
 " Would my clos'd eye had sunk in endless night
 " Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight!
 " Where'er they pass'd be blasted ev'ry flow'r,
 " And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour!—
 " Ah, wretched Swain! could no examples move
 " Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love?
 " Hast thou not heard how poor Menalcas* dy'd
 " A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
 " Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
 " Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phæbus lov'd, in vain:
 " Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid,
 " And all things mourn'd but the relentless maid.
 " Would I could die like him and be at peace;
 " These torments in the quiet grave would cease;

* See Mr. Gay's Dione.

“ There my vex’d thoughts a calm repose would find,
“ And rest as if my Delia still were kind.
“ No; let me live her falsehood to upbraid;
“ Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—
“ Alas! what aid, fond Swain! wouldst thou receive?
“ Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve?
“ Protect her Heav’n! and let her never know
“ The slightest part of hapless Damon’s wo:
“ I ask no vengeance from the pow’rs above,
“ All I implore is never more to love.—
“ Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
“ Let me forget that e’er I thought her fair.
“ Come, cool Indifference! and heal my breast;
“ Weary’d at length I seek thy downy rest:
“ No turbulence of passion shall destroy
“ My future ease with flatt’ring hopes of joy.
“ Hear, mighty Pan! and all ye sylvans! hear
“ What by your guardian deities I swear;
“ No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
“ No more I’ll court the trait’ress to my arms;
“ Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
“ And she shall find that reason conquers love!”

Scarce had he spoke when thro’ the lawn below
Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go;
At once transported he forgot his vow,
(Such perjuries the laughing gods allow!)
Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew;
He found her kind and soon believ’d her true.



Possession. Eclogue IV.

To Lord Cobham.

Cobham! to thee this rural lay I bring,
 Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing,
 Tho' far unequal to those polish'd strains
 With which thy Congreve charm'd the list'ning plains,
 Yet shall its music please thy partial ear, [dear,
 And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were
 Recall those years which time has thrown behind,
 When smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy mind,
 When all thy glorious days of prosp'rous fight
 Delighted less than one successful night:
 The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
 Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er,
 And while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
 This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
 To Venus rais'd, a rustic altar stood
 To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd
 In friendly league to favour humankind.
 With wanton Cupids in that happy shade
 The gentle Virtues and mild Wisdom play'd;
 Nor there in sprightly Pleasure's genial train
 Lurk'd sick Disgust or late-repenting Pain,
 Nor Force nor Int'rest join'd unwilling hands,
 But Love consenting ty'd the blissful bands.
 Thither with glad devotion Damon came,
 To thank the pow'rs who bless'd his faithful flame;
 Two milkwhite doves he on their altar laid,
 And thus to both his grateful homage paid:
 "Hail, bounteous God! before whose hallow'd shrine
 "My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
 "While glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
 "Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove;



“ And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires!
“ Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires
“ Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
“ As fondly languish and as fiercely burn.
“ O the dear bloom of last propitious night!
“ O shade! more charming than the fairest light!
“ Then in my arms I clasp’d the melting maid,
“ Then all my pains one moment overpaid;
“ Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov’d,
“ Which none can taste but who like me have lov’d.
“ Thou too, bright Goddess! once in Ida’s grove
“ Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd’s love:
“ With him while frisking lambs around you play’d,
“ Conceal’d you sported in the secret shade:
“ Scarce could Anchises’ raptures equal mine,
“ And Delia’s beauties only yield to thine.
“ What are ye now, my once most valu’d joys?
“ Insipid trifles all and childish toys.—
“ Friendship itself ne’er knew a charm like this,
“ Nor Colin’s talk could please like Delia’s kiss.
“ Ye Muses! skill’d in ev’ry winning art,
“ Teach me more deeply to engage her heart:
“ Ye Nymphs! to her your freshest roses bring,
“ And crown her with the pride of all the spring;
“ On all her days let health and peace attend;
“ May she ne’er want nor ever lose a friend!
“ May some new pleasure ev’ry hour employ,
“ But let her Damon be her highest joy!
“ With thee, my Love! for ever will I stay,
“ All night caress thee and admire all day;
“ In the same field our mingled flocks we’ll feed,
“ To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead;
“ Together will we share the harvest toils,
“ Together press the vine’s autumnal spoils.
“ Delightful state! where Peace and Love combine
“ To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine!
“ Here limpid fountains roll thro’ flow’ry meads,
“ Here rising forests lift their verdant heads,

“ Here let me wear my careless life away,
“ And in thy arms insensibly decay.
“ When late old age our heads shall silver o’er,
“ And our slow pulses dance with joy no more,
“ When Time no longer will thy beauties spare,
“ And only Damon’s eye shall think thee fair,
“ Then may the gentle hand of welcome Death
“ At one soft stroke deprive us both of breath!
“ May we beneath one common stone be laid,
“ And the same cypress both our ashes shade!
“ Perhaps some friendly Muse in tender verse
“ Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse,
“ And future ages, with just envy mov’d,
“ Be told how Damon and his Delia lov’d.”



ADVICE TO A LADY.

The counsels of a friend, Belinda! hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatt'ries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men;
Nor think I praise you ill when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know.
Some merit 's mine who dare to be sincere,
But greater your's sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends;
All who approach them their own ends pursue:
Lovers and ministers are seldom true:
Hence oft' from reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays;
Hence by fond dreams of fancy'd pow'r amus'd,
When most ye tyrannize you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair:
For this the toilet ev'ry thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress and all the joys;
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule;
And yet how few have learnt when this is giv'n
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heav'n!
How few, with all their pride of form, can move!
How few are lovely that are made for love!
Do you, my Fair! endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dang'rous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense,
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble women to sustain;

Of those who claim it more than half have none,
And half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts:
For you the plainest is the wisest rule,
"A cunning woman is a knavish fool."

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
At ministers, because they wish their place.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene,
Without all beauty, and all peace within;
The honour of a prude is rage and storm;
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form;
Fiercely it stands defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign;
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of Envy and be great.
One only care your gentle breast should move;
Th' important bus'ness of your life is love:
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;
With caution chuse, but then be fondly kind;
The selfish heart that but by halves is giv'n,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heav'n;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless:
The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame;
Not loving first but loving wrong is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain:

Short is the period of insulting Pow'r;
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour,
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possest,
Feels ev'ry vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no pow'r but that of pleasing most:
Her's is the bliss, in just return, to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love;
For her inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let reason teach what passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be ty'd.
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown
If angry Fortune on their union frown;
Soon will the flatt'ring dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more:
Then waking to the sense of lasting pain
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain,
And that fond love which should afford relief
Does but increase the anguish of their grief,
While both could easier their own sorrows bear
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain,
Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.
The most abandon'd prostitutes are they
Who not to love but av'rice fall a prey:
Nor aught avails the specious name of wife;
A maid so wedded is a whore for life.

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where fav'ring Heav'n
Has equal love and easy fortune giv'n,
Think not the husband gain'd that all is done;
The prize of happiness must still be won;

And oft' the careless find it to their cost
The lover in the husband may be lost:
The Graces might alone his heart allure;
They and the virtues meeting must secure.

Let ev'n your prudence wear the pleasing dress
Of care for him and anxious tenderness.

From kind concern about his weal or woe
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The household sceptre if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his servant to appear:
Endearing thus the common acts of life
The mistress still shall charm him in the wife,
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone;
Ev'n o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda! would your charms-improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love:
The task were harder to secure my own
Against the pow'r of those already known,
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd ev'ry soft attraction to employ,
Each flatt'ring hope and each alluring joy.
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleasing which to you I give.



TO THE MEMORY
of
LADY LYTTELTON,
A MONODY.

“ Ipse cava solans aegrum testudine amorem,
“ Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
“ Te veniente die, te decedente canabat.”

I.

At length escap'd from ev'ry human eye,
From ev'ry duty, ev'ry care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry,
Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,
This lone retreat for tender Sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief;
Of grief surpassing ev'ry other wo
Far as the purest bliss the happiest love
Can on the ennobled mind bestow
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires inelegant and low.

II.

Ye tufted Groves! ye gently falling Rills!
Ye high o'ershadowing Hills!
Ye Lawns! gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft' have you my Lucy seen!
But never shall you now behold her more,
Nor will she now with fond delight
And taste refin'd your rural charms explore:
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light and Virtue's spark divine.

III.

Oft' would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
 To hear her heav'nly voice;
 For her despising when she deign'd to sing
 The sweetest songsters of the spring,
 The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more,
 The nightingale was mute;
 And ev'ry shepherd's flute
 Was cast in silent scorn away,
 While all attended to her sweeter lay.
 Ye Larks and Linnets! now resume your song,
 And thou, melodious Philomel!
 Again thy plaintive story tell,
 For Death has stopt that tuneful tongue
 Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

IV.

In vain I look around
 O'er all the well-known ground
 My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry,
 Where oft' we us'd to walk,
 Where oft' in tender talk
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
 Nor by yon' fountain's side
 Nor where its waters glide
 Along the valley can she now be found.
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound
 No more my mournful eye
 Can aught of her espy
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relicks lie.

V.

O shades of Hagley! where is now your boast?
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.
 You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
 Where female vanity might wish to shine,
 The pomp of cities and the pride of courts:
 Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:
 To your sequester'd dales
 And flow'r-embroider'd vales

From an admiring world she chose to fly;
With Nature there retir'd and Nature's God
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd ev'ry passion from her breast
But those, the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

VI.

Sweet Babes! who like the little playful fawns
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To ev'ry virtue would have form'd your youth,
And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!
O wretched Father! left alone
To weep their dire misfortune and thy own!
How shall thy weaken'd mind oppress'd with wo,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
Now she, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

VII.

Where were ye, Muses! when relentless Fate
From these fond arms your fair disciple tore,
From these fond arms, that vainly strove,
With hapless ineffectual love,
To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
Could not your fav'ring pow'r, Aonian Maids!
Could not, alas! your pow'r prolong her date,
From whom so oft' in these inspiring shades,
Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
You open'd all your sacred store,
Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
And bad her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
 Or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play,
 Nor then on Mincio's* bank,
 Beset with osiers dank,
 Nor where Clitumnus† rolls his gentle stream,
 Nor where thro' hanging woods
 Steep Anio‡ pours his floods,
 Nor yet where Meles|| or Ilissus§ stray.
 Ill does it now beseeem
 That of your guardian care bereft
 To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
 When light fantastic toys
 Are all her sex's joys,
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome,
 And all that in her latter days
 To emulate her ancient praise
 Italia's happy genius could produce,
 Or what the Gallic sire
 Bright sparkling could inspire,
 By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd,
 Or what in Britain's isle,
 Most favour'd with your smile,
 The pow'rs of Reason and of Fancy join'd
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
 Ah! what is now the use
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
 To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd?

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birthplace of Virgil.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

‡ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

|| The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melesigenes.

§ The Illissus is a river at Athens.

X.

At least, ye Nine! her spotless name
'Tis yours from death to save,
And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come then, ye Virgin Sisters! come,
And strew with choicest flow'rs her hallow'd tomb;
But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
With accents sweet and sad,
Thou, plaintive Muse! whom o'er his Laura's urn
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn,
O come! and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!
How eloquent in ev'ry look
Thro' her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!
Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
With candid Truth's simplicity
And uncorrupted Innocence!
Tell how to more than manly sense
She join'd the soft'ning influence
Of more than female tenderness!
How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
Which oft' the care of others' good destroy,
Her kindly-melting heart
To ev'ry want and ev'ry wo,
To Guilt itself, when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could bestow!
Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife
Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all!

C

XII.

Not only good and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind;
 A spirit that with noble pride
 Could look superior down
 On Fortune's smile or frown;
 That could without regret or pain
 To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
 Or int'rest or Ambition's highest prize;
 That ~~injur'd~~ or offended never try'd
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
 But by magnanimous disdain;
 A wit that temperately bright
 With inoffensive light
 All pleasing shone, nor ever past
 The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
 And bashful Modesty, before it cast;
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
 That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
 And, without weakness, knew to be sincere!
 Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days,
 Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
 In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
 Death came remorseless on and sunk her to the tomb.

XIII.

So where the silent streams of Liris glide
 In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
 When now the wintry tempests all are fled
 And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
 The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head,
 From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets rise,
 On ev'ry bough the golden fruits are seen,
 With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
 The wood-nymphs tend it and th' Idalian queen,
 But in the midst of all its blooming pride
 A sudden blast from Appenninus blows

Cold with perpetual snows,
The tender plighted plant shrinks up its leaves and dies.

XIV.

Arise, O Petrarch! from th' Elysian bow'rs
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flow'rs,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
Tun'd by the skilful hand
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
To me resign the vocal shell,
And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well
As may ev'n things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks and desert rocks, to pity move.

XV.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domestic care
She never bore a share,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of ev'ry secret grief that fester'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unweary'd arm sustain,
And charm away the sense of pain;
Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

O best of Wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms!
How can my soul endure the loss of thee?

How in the world, to me a desert grown,
 Abandon'd and alone
 Without my sweet companion can I live?
 Without thy lovely smile,
 The dear reward of ev'ry virtuous toil,
 What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?
 Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise [raise.
 Unshar'd by thee no more my lifeless thoughts could

XVII.

For my distracted mind
 What succour can I find?
 On whom for consolation shall I call?
 Support me ev'ry friend,
 Your kind assistance lend
 To bear the weight of this oppressive wo.
 Alas! each friend of mine,
 My dear departed Love! so much was thine
 That none has any comfort to bestow.
 My books, the best relief
 In ev'ry other grief,
 Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
 Each fav'rite author we together read [dead.
 My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy

XVIII.

We were the happiest pair of human kind.
 The rolling year its varying course perform'd
 And back return'd again,
 Another and another smiling came,
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain:
 Still in her golden chain
 Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind,
 Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
 O fatal, fatal stroke!
 That all this pleasing fabrick Love had rais'd
 Of rare felicity,
 On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
 And ev'ry scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd
 With soothing hope for many a future day,

→→→→→
In one sad moment broke!—
Yet, O my soul! thy rising murmurs stay,
Nor dare th' allwise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade
Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
And in these low abodes of sin and pain
Her pure exalted soul
Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heav'nly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
Is ev'ry mortal bliss;
Ev'n Love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sov'reign good ascend.
Rise then, my soul! with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight
Whose peaceful path and ever open gate
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss;
There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
There yield up all his pow'r e'er to divide you more.



PART OF AN EPITAPH ON LADY
LYTTELTON.

Made to engage all hearts and charm all eyes,
Tho' meek magnanimous, tho' witty wise,
Polite as all her life in courts had been,
Yet good as she the world had never seen,
The noble fire of an exalted mind
With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove,
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind exprest;
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces drest.

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE, WITH
HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

All that of love can be exprest
In these soft numbers see,
But, Lucy! would you know the rest?
It must be read in me.

TO THE SAME, WITH A NEW WATCH.

I.

With me while present may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy,
Think ev'ry pleasing hour too swiftly flies,
And measure time by joy succeeding joy!

II.

But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
To me not always will thy sight allow,
Then oft' with kind impatience look on this,
Then ev'ry minute count—as I do now.

Lyttelton.

PROLOGUE TO THOMSON'S CORIOLANUS.

SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.

I come not here your candour to implore
For scenes whose author is, alas! no more;
He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confin'd,
No sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.
He lov'd his friends, (forgive this gushing tear;
Alas! I feel I am no actor here)
He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
So clear of int'rest, so devoid of art,
Such gen'rous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.—
O candid truth! O faith without a stain!
O manners gently firm and nobly plain!
O sympathizing love of others bliss!
Where will you find another breast like his?
Such was the Man—the Poet well you know,
Oft' has he touch'd your hearts with tender wo,
Oft' in this crowded house with just applause
You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws;
For his chaste Muse employ'd her heav'n-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire;
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.

Oh! may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add to grace his tomb,
Whilst he superior now to praise or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet if to those whom most on earth he lov'd,
From whom his pious care is now remov'd,
With whom his lib'ral hand and bounteous heart
Shar'd all his little fortune could impart,
If to those friends your kind regard shall give
What they no longer can from his receive,
That, that, ev'n now, above yon' starry pole
May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

SONG.

When Delia on the plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears
 I would approach but dare not move :
 Tell me, my Heart! if this be love ?
 Whene'er she speaks my ravish'd ear
 No other voice but her's can hear,
 No other wit but her's approve :
 Tell me, my Heart! if this be love ?
 If she some other youth commend,
 Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
 His instant enemy I prove :
 Tell me, my Heart! if this be love ?
 When she is absent I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,
 The clearest spring or shadiest grove :
 Tell me, my Heart! if this be love ?
 When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
 Her nets she spread for ev'ry swain,
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove :
 Tell me, my Heart! if this be love ?

SONG.

Say, Myra! why is gentle Love
 A stranger to that mind
 Which pity and esteem can move,
 Which can be just and kind ?
 Is it because you fear to share
 The ills that love molest,
 The jealous doubt, the tender care,
 That rack the am'rous breast ?
 Alas! by some degree of wo
 We ev'ry bliss must gain :
 The heart can ne'er a transport know
 That never feels a pain.

TO THE REV. DR. AYSCOUGH,
AT OXFORD.

Written from Paris in the Year 1728.

Say, dearest Friend! how roll thy hours away,
What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
Dost thou the sacred volumes oft' explore
Of wise Antiquity's immortal lore,
Where virtue by the charms of wit refin'd
At once exalts and polishes the mind?
How diff'rent from our modern guilty art,
Which pleases only to corrupt the heart,
Whose curs'd refinements odious vice adorn,
And teach to honour what we ought to scorn!
Dost thou, in sage historians, joy to see
How Roman greatness rose with liberty,
How the same hands that tyrants durst control
Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the Pole,
Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
The proud luxurious masters of mankind?
Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
Each grace, each virtue, Freedom could inspire,
Yet in her troubled state see all the woes
And all the crimes that giddy Faction knows,
Till rent by parties, by corruption sold,
Or weakly careless or too rashly bold,
She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
The slave and tut'ress of protecting Rome?
Does calm Philosophy her aid impart
To guide the passions and to mend the heart?
Taught by her precepts, hast thou learn'd the end
To which alone the wise their studies bend,
For which alone by Nature were design'd
The pow'rs of thought—to benefit mankind?
Not like a cloyster'd drone to read and dose
In undeserving undeserv'd repose,

But Reason's influence to diffuse, to clear
 Th' enlighten'd world of ev'ry gloomy fear,
 Dispel the mists of error, and unbind
 Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
 Happy who thus his leisure can employ!
 He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy;
 Nor vex'd with pangs that busier bosoms tear,
 Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care,
 Safe in the port, yet lab'ring to sustain
 Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent,
 So Boyle in wisdom found divine content,
 So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
 The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good Wor'ster* thus supports his drooping age,
 Far from court-flatt'ry, far from party-rage;
 He who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
 Firm and intrepid on his country's side, [guide! }
 Her boldest champion then and now her mildest }
 O gen'rous warmth! O sanctity divine!
 To emulate his worth, my Friend! be thine:
 Learn from his life the duties of the gown,
 Learn not to flatter nor insult the crown,
 Nor basely servile court the guilty great,
 Nor raise the church a rival to the state:
 To error mild, to vice alone severe,
 Seek not to spread the law of love by fear:
 The priest who plagues the world can never mend;
 No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
 Let reason and let virtue faith maintain,
 All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
 Cares that become my birth and suit my age,
 In various knowledge to improve my youth,
 And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth,
 By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
 Enlarge my notions and my views extend,

* Bp. Hough.

The useful science of the world to know,
Which books can never teach or pedants show.

A nation here I pity and admire,
Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
Yet taught by custom's force and bigot fear
To serve with pride and boast the yoke they bear;
Whose nobles born to cringe and to command,
In courts a mean, in camps a gen'rous, band,
From each low tool of pow'r content receive
Those laws their dreaded arms to Europe give;
Whose people (vain in want, in bondage blest,
Tho' plunder'd gay, industrious tho' oppress'd)
With happy follies rise above their fate,
The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd a while to sport
In the short sunshine of a fav'ring court:
Here Boileau, strong in sense and sharp in wit,
Who from the Ancients like the Ancients writ,
Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flatt'ring incense to his master's fame;
Here Moliere, first of Comic wits, excell'd
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld,
By keen yet decent satire skill'd to please,
With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease:
Now charm'd I hear the bold Corneille inspire
Heroic thoughts with Shakespeare's force and fire;
Now sweet Racine with milder influence move
The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure I survey
The pompous works of arbitrary sway,
Proud palaces that drain'd the subject's store
Rais'd on the ruins of the oppress'd and poor,
Where ev'n mute walls are taught to flatter state,
And painted triumphs style Ambition Great*.
With more delight those pleasing shades I view
Where Conde from an envious court withdrew†,

* The victories of L. XIV. painted in the galleries of Versailles.

† Chantilly.

Where sick of glory, faction, pow'r, and pride,
 (Sure judge how empty all who all had try'd!)
 Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
 And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see
 Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury*,
 Where Orleans wasted ev'ry vacant hour,
 In the wild riot of unbounded pow'r,
 Where feverish debauch and impious love
 Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
 Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land;
 Yet oft' a tender wish recalls my mind
 From present joys to dearer left behind.
 O native Isle! fair Freedom's happiest seat!
 At thought of thee my bounding pulses beat,
 At thought of thee my heart impatient burns,
 And all my country on my soul returns;
 When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
 No pow'r can ravish from th' industrious swain?
 When kiss, with pious love, the sacred earth
 That gave a Burleigh or a Russel birth?
 When in the shade of laws that long have stood,
 Propt by their care or strengthen'd by their blood,
 Of fearless independence wisely vain,
 The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain?

Yet oh! what doubt, what sad presaging voice,
 Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice,
 Bids me contemplate ev'ry state around
 From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound,
 Bids their lost rights their ruin'd glories see,
 And tells me these, like England, once were free!

* St. Cloud.

TO MR. POYNTZ,

AMBASSADOR AT THE CONGRESS OF SOISSONS,

1728.

Written at Paris.

O Thou! whose friendship is my joy and pride,
Whose virtues warm me and whose precepts guide;
Thou! to whom greatness, rightly understood,
Is but a larger pow'r of being good;
Say, Poyntz! amidst the toil of anxious state
Does not thy secret soul desire retreat?
Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
Thy busy life at length might be thy own,
That to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd
No care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
Just is the wish, for sure the happiest meed
To favour man by smiling Heav'n decreed
Is to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise who from the world retir'd,
By no enliv'ning gen'rous passion fir'd,
On flow'ry couches slumbers life away,
And gently bids his active pow'rs decay,
Who fears bright Glory's awful face to see,
And shuns renown as much as infamy;
But bless'd is he who exercis'd in cares
To private leisure public virtue bears,
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repose with trophies Labour won.
Him Honour follows to the secret shade,
And crowns propitious his declining head;
In his retreats their harps the Muses string,
For him, in lays unbought, spontaneous sing;
Friendship and Truth on all his moments wait,
Pleas'd with retirement better than with state;

And round the bow'r where humbly great he lies
Fair olives bloom or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
The needful aid of thy sustaining hand,
When Peace restor'd shall on her downy wing
Secure repose and careless leisure bring,
Then to the shades of learned ease retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends thou shalt possess
Contemplative and quiet happiness,
Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
And painful merit paid with sweet content.
Yet tho' thy hours unclogg'd with sorrow roll,
Tho' Wisdom call and Science feed thy soul,
One dearer bliss remains to be possest
That only can improve and crown the rest.—

Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell:
The point to which our sweetest passions move
Is to be truly lov'd and fondly love.
This is the charm that smooths the troubled breast,
Friend of our health and author of our rest,
Bids ev'ry gloomy vexing passion fly,
And tunes each jarring string to harmony.
Ev'n while I write the name of Love inspires
More pleasing thoughts and more enliv'ning fires,
Beneath his pow'r my raptur'd fancy glows,
And ev'ry tender verse more sweetly flows.
Dull is the privilege of living free;
Our hearts were never form'd for liberty:
Some beauteous image well imprinted there
Can best defend them from consuming care.
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
And Nature in her rural works admire;
Tho' grateful these yet these but faintly charm;
They may delight us but can never warm.
May some fair eyes, my Friend! thy bosom fire
With pleasing pangs of ever-gay desire,

And teach thee that soft science which alone
Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known.
Thy soul, tho' great, is tender and refin'd,
To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd,
And therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast
Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
Hear what th' inspiring Muses bid me tell,
For Heav'n shall ratify what they reveal.

“ A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
“ With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd,
“ Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,
“ Distinguish'd only by their softer dress:
“ Thy greatness she or thy retreat shall share,
“ Sweeten tranquility or soften care;
“ Her smiles the taste of ev'ry joy shall raise,
“ And add new pleasure to renown and praise,
“ Till, charm'd, you own the truth my verse would
“ That happiness is near ally'd to love.” [prove,



VERSES

to be written under a Picture of Mr. Poyntz.

Such is thy form, O Poyntz! but who shall find
 A hand or colours to express thy mind?
 A mind unmov'd by ev'ry vulgar fear
 In a false world that dares to be sincere;
 Wise without art, without ambition great,
 Tho' firm yet pliant, active tho' sedate:
 With all the richest stores of learning fraught,
 Yet better still by native prudence taught:
 That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,
 Can pity frailties it could never feel;
 That when Misfortune su'd, ne'er sought to know
 What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;
 That fix'd on equal virtue's temp'rate laws,
 Despises calumny and shuns applause;
 That to its own perfections singly blind
 Would for another think this praise design'd.



TO LORD HERVEY,

in the Year 1730. From Worcestershire.

“*Strenua nos exercet inertia : navibus atque
“ Quadrigis petimus bene vivere : quod petis, hic est ;
“ Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.*”

HOR.

Fav’rite of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
Pollio! by Nature form’d in courts to shine,
Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend
To thy long absent and forgotten friend,
Who after seas and mountains wander’d o’er
Return’d at length to his own native shore
From all that ’s gay retir’d, and all that ’s great,
Beneath the shades of his paternal seat
Has found that happiness he sought in vain
On the fam’d banks of Tiber and of Seine?

’Tis not to view the well-proportion’d pile,
The charms of Titian’s and of Raphael’s style,
At soft Italian sounds to melt away,
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray,
That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,
Or makes the fond possessor truly blest:
In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies
Still open and still flowing to the wise,
Not forc’d by toilsome art and wild desire
Beyond the bounds of Nature to aspire,
But in its proper channels gilding fair
A common benefit which all may share:
Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
Nor relish happiness unbought by pain; [is vain. }
False is their state of bliss, and thence their search }
So idle yet so restless are our minds,
We climb the Alps and brave the raging winds;
Thro’ various toils to seek content we roam,
Which with but thinking right were ours at home:
For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
Can from the heart a settled grief erase,

Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
 Heal the distemper'd mind of aking care.
 The wretch by wild impatience driv'n to rove,
 Vext with the pangs of ill-requited love,
 From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
 Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears,
 With equal pain each diff'rent clime he tries,
 And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills, which from our passions flow
 Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Russia's snow?
 Or how can aught but pow'rful reason cure
 What from unthinking folly we endure?
 Happy is he, and he alone, who knows
 His heart's uneasy discord to compose,
 In gen'rous love of other's good to find
 The sweetest pleasures of the social mind,
 To bound his wishes in their proper sphere,
 To nourish pleasing hope and conquer anxious fear:
 This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
 This was the sov'reign good they justly sought,
 This to no place or climate is confin'd,
 But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
 The useful practice of philosophy:
 Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
 Not always chose from greatness to retire,
 But in the palace of Augustus knew
 The same unerring maxims to pursue
 Which in the Sabine or the Velian shade
 His study and his happiness he made.

May you, my Friend! by his example taught,
 View all the giddy scene with sober thought,
 Undazzled ev'ry glitt'ring folly see,
 And in the midst of slavish forms be free;
 In its own centre keep your steady mind,
 Let prudence guide you, but let honour bind:
 In show, in manners, act the courtier's part,
 But be a country gentleman at heart.

TO MR. GLOVER.

ON HIS POEM OF LEONIDAS.

Written in the Year 1734.

Go on, my Friend! the noble task pursue,
And think thy genius is thy country's due:
To vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
But Liberty and Virtue claim thy song.
Yet cease to hope, tho' grac'd with ev'ry charm,
The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;
Vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise
By great examples drawn from better days:
No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
What Sparta scorn'd instructed to admire,
Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end,
No gen'rous purpose can enlarge the mind,
No social care, no labour for mankind,
Where mean self-int'rest ev'ry passion guides,
In camps commands, in cabinets presides,
Where Luxury consumes the guilty store
And bids the villian be a slave for more.

Hence, wretched Nation! all thy woes arise,
Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
Servants that rule, and Senates that obey.

O People, far unlike the Grecian race,
That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
That suffers public wrongs and public shame,
In council insolent, in action tame!
Say, what is now th' ambition of the great?
Is it to raise their country's sinking state,
Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,
Her trade to guard, her harras'd poor to spare?
Is it like honest Somers to inspire
The love of laws and Freedom's sacred fire?

Is it like wise Godolphin to sustain
The balanc'd world, and boundless pow'r restrain?
Or is the mighty aim of all their toil
Only to aid the wreck and share the spoil?
On each relation, friend, dependent, pour,
With partial wantonness, the golden show'r,
And fenc'd by strong corruption to despise
An injur'd nation's unavailing cries?
Rouse, Britons! rouse: if sense of shame be weak,
Let the loud voice of threat'ning Danger speak.
Lo! France, as Persia once, o'er ev'ry land
Prepares to stretch her all oppressing hand.
Shall England sit regardless and sedate
A calm spectatress of the gen'ral fate,
Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose,
Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
O let us seize the moment in our pow'r;
Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour:
No later term the angry gods ordain;
This crisis lost we shall be wise in vain.
And thou, great Poet! in whose nervous lines
The native majesty of Freedom shines,
Accept this friendly praise, and let me prove
My heart not wholly void of public love;
Tho' not like thee I strike the sounding string
To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,
But idly sporting in the secret shade
With tender trifles sooth some artless maid.



PARTS OF AN ELEGY OF TIBULLUS.

Translated 1729,-30.

Divitias alius fulvo sibi congerat auro.

Let others heap of wealth a shining store,
And, much possessing, labour still for more,
Let them disquieted with dire alarms
Aspire to win a dang'rous fame in arms;
Me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
Humbly secure and indolently blest;
Warm'd by the blaze of my own cheerful hearth
I'll waste the wintry hours in social mirth;
In summer pleas'd attend to harvest toils,
In autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils,
And oft' to Delia in my bosom bear
Some kid or lamb that wants its mother's care:
With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay;
With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
And deck, with ripen'd fruits, Pomona's bow'r.
At night how soothing would it be to hear,
Safe in her arms, the tempest howling near;
Or, while the wintry clouds their deluge pour,
Slumber assisted by the beating show'r!
Ah! how much happier than the fool who braves
In search of wealth the black tempestuous waves!
While I contended with my little store
In tedious voyage seek no distant shore,
But idly lolling on some shady seat
Near cooling fountains shun the Dogstar's heat:
For what reward so rich could Fortune give
That I by absence should my Delia grieve?
Let great Messalla shine in martial toils,
And grace his palace with triumphal spoils,
Me Beauty holds in strong tho' gentle chains,
Far from tumultuous war and dusty plains.

With thee, my Love! to pass my tranquil days
How would I slight Ambition's painful praise!
How would I joy with thee, my Love! to yoke
The ox and feed my solitary flock!
On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,
How downy should I think the woodland bed!

The wretch who sleeps not by his fair one's side,
Detests the gilded couch's useless pride,
Nor knows his weary weeping eyes to close
Tho' murmur'ing rills invite him to repose.
Hard were his heart who thee, my Fair! could leave
For all the honours prosp'rous war can give,
Tho' thro' the vanquish'd east he spread his fame,
And Parthian tyrants trembled at his name,
Tho' bright in arms while hosts around him bleed
With martial pride he prest his foaming steed.
No pomps like these my humble vows require;
With thee I'll live and in thy arms expire.
Thee may my closing eyes in death behold!
Thee may my fault'ring hand yet strive to hold!
Then, Delia! then thy heart will melt in woe,
Then o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow,
Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind:
But ah! fair Mourner! I conjure thee spare
Thy heaving breasts and loose dishevell'd hair;
Wound not thy form, least on th' Elysian coast
Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost.

But now nor death nor parting should employ
Our sprightly thoughts or damp our bridal joy:
We'll live, my Delia! and from life remove
All care, all bus'ness, but delightful love.
Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve
Which youth alone can taste, alone can give:
Then let us snatch the moment to be blest;
This hour is Love's—be Fortune's all the rest.

CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS.

In the ninth Book of Lucan.

Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes, &c.

What, Labienus! would thy fond desire
 Of horned Jove's prophetic shrine inquire
 Whether to seek in arms a glorious doom
 Or basely live and be a king in Rome?
 If life be nothing more than death's delay,
 If impious Force can honest minds dismay,
 Or Probity may Fortune's frown disdain,
 If well to mean is all that Virtue can,
 And right dependent on itself alone
 Gains no addition from success—'Tis known
 Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,
 And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.

Our souls, ally'd to God, within them feel
 The secret dictates of th' Almighty will:
 This is his voice, be this our oracle. }
 When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd,
 All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
 Nor can we think the Omnipresent Mind
 Has Truth to Lybia's desert sands confin'd,
 There known to few, obscur'd, and lost to lie.—
 Is there a temple of the Deity
 Except earth, sea, and air, yon' azure pole,
 And chief his holiest shrine the virtuous soul?
 Where'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
 This wide, this boundless universe, is Jove.
 Let abject minds that doubt because they fear
 With pious awe to juggling priests repair;
 I credit not what lying prophets tell—
 Death is the only certain oracle.
 Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—
 This Jove has told, he needs not tell us more.

ODE, IN IMITATION OF PASTOR FIDO.

O primavera gioventu del anno,

Written Abroad in 1729.

I.

Parent of blooming flow'rs and gay desires,
 Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring!
 At whose approach, inspir'd with equal fires,
 The am'rous nightingale and poet sing;

II.

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
 Return the smiling hours I once possest;
 Blessings thou bringst to others, but to me
 The sad remembrance that I once was blest.

III.

Thy faded charms which Winter snatch'd away,
 Renew'd in all their former lustre shine,
 But ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
 Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

IV.

Tho' linnets sing, tho' flow'rs adorn the green,
 Tho' on their wings soft Zephyrs fragrance bear,
 Harsh is the music, joyless is the scene,
 The odour faint, for Delia is not there.

V.

Cheerless and cold I feel the genial sun,
 From thee, while absent, I in exile rove;
 Thy lovely presence, fairest light! alone
 Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.



